

PRISON REFORM.

Manufacture of Fiends by the Depraved Ingenuity of Man.

"GOING THROUGH THE MILL."

In the Good Old Way When Deviltry Was in Bloom in the Ohio Penitentiary—Initiation and First Day in Prison—The Stripes and Lock Step—Assigned to the Contract of a Personal Enemy and Placed Under a Negro Convict as His Helper—How the Visit of a Sympathetic Human Being Wiped Out the Bitterness of the Day and Clarified a Corroding Heart.

PART II.
TWENTY-FIFTH PAPER.

The bird hung around the guard and reception rooms of the prison and strung along to the outward entrance or porch until forced to leave by the prison officials. They loudly murmured at the consideration shown me in not being subjected in their presence to the usual search or examination of my pockets. It is the custom when prisoners arrive at the prison for the captain of the guard room to personally search each individual and make a list of the articles found on his person, such as money, trinkets, a pocket knife, pipe, tobacco, etc. Photographs and a handkerchief, if he has them, he is allowed to retain, all else being contraband and kept in the prison safe until the prisoner's release by expiration of his sentence, pardon or commutation.

Knowing this rule as well as my news, paper enemies, I had the deputy sheriff search me in the jail before starting for the penitentiary, and as there was no possibility of obtaining anything contraband en route which only consumed five minutes, he was able to conscientiously affirm to the deputy warden and captain of the guard room that I had nothing contraband on my person. Thus my forethought had deprived the mob of the exquisite pleasure they had anticipated of seeing their hated "tyrant" searched like a common felon. The afternoon papers, the *Dispatch* and *Prest Post*, came out in scare head lines reeking with abuse and the vilest language in condemnation of Deputy Porter and the prison officials for "treating with such exceptional consideration the cowardly murderer so justly sentenced to hard labor for life." A demand was made that I should be instantly put to work and the governor (Campbell) was appealed to in passionate terms to instruct the officers of the prison in their plain duty towards the "vile criminal" that morning immersed where "he belonged and where he must die."

Under the inspiration of telephonic messages from Claude Meeker, private secretary of Governor Campbell, and the ungrateful wretch I had so signally befriended, Deputy Porter, much against his will, ordered that I should be "prepared for assignment to work." This preparation consisted of the most humiliating character to any individual who ever had even an impulse of decency and self respect. It is, however, a preparatory humiliation through which all prisoners must pass on entering the prison, with few exceptions, and these exceptions are at the discretion of the warden only, where no public clamor likely to arise by the concession, to the feelings of the prisoner.

I had been dozing in the chair for some time when Assistant Deputy Warden Brady entered the corridor, and touching me on the shoulder in a friendly and sympathetic tone of voice said:

"Colonel, they are raising such a—Porter has weakened and has ordered me to prepare you for assignment to a contract."

"All right, Brady, I want no consideration shown me whatever, and I much prefer to be set to work as soon as possible."

This apparently relieved the deputy's mind and the barber was sent for. The barber is as much dreaded by the sensitive prisoner on his first introduction to prison as the headman or executioner. I quietly sat in the chair and his clippers soon removed the suspicion of any hair from my head.

"Shall I take off his mustache, captain?" exclaimed the barber.

Before the deputy could reply, I said:

"Yes, certainly; trim me up in the regular style."

Off went the mustache and I arose from the chair with the observation that it was "the first hair cut and shave I ever had free." John R. Malloy and his friend Kelley stood at some distance eyeing the process or transformation, the former highly enjoying in his mean and contemptible spirit this humiliation of a man who had helped to feed him after having paid taxes for his support and raising at the Orphans' Home. Kelley looked shocked and avoided my eye, but he was Malloy's guest and must perform stick it out or condemn by his departure the conduct of his patron and host!

The next step in the preparation was a bath, after which I was introduced to a suit of striped clothing of the regular prison pattern. All through this transformation scene Malloy stood almost at my elbow and even tried in his vulgarity to follow me into the bath room, but was prevented by the guard on a motion which decency forced me to make to that official. When dressed in the prison clothes I could not have looked more evil than I felt, but this feeling I concealed and carried myself with perfect obedience and coolness through this infamous designed process for the degradation of the unfortunate. How any person can pass through this introductory discipline and retain a suspicion of self-respect, except he is made of that material which neither gyves nor purposed humiliations can affect, is a marvel to the prison reformer and the humane criminologist. That the state should design such a hideous uniform and subject the individual assigned for correction and reformation—the objects of imprisonment—to this deliberate and purposed degradation is as marvelous as that any of the wretches so degraded ever reform or again become rehabilitated in spirit and soul with the ordinary humanity of the race.

Warden Coffin, on assuming charge of the penitentiary, immediately abolished the striped, or zebra, uniform on the ground that no reformation could be effected in the prisoner by the state if the state persisted in further degrading him and sinking him lower in the scale of self-respect. Mr. Coffin is a practical penologist and criminologist and he soon demonstrated the beneficent effects that this abolition of stripes had upon the bear-

ing and conduct of the prisoners. The offense list almost immediately fell off one-half and a corresponding increase in the products of the various factories in the prison. But the most noticeable improvement was observable in the convicts' personal appearance indicating a return of that self-respect which the state had heretofore endeavored with its blind policy to entirely eradicate.

The eye, that window of the soul," no longer avoided the plying, interrogative or offensive stare of the visitor, official, or guard, the convict head became erect, the shoulders imperceptibly at first and slow enough, squared themselves, and the stride took on a more human if not manly motion. The convict felt himself dressed in human semblance in his suit of grey clothes, no longer disfigured with black stripes visible to the naked eye half a mile or more. The humane and experienced warden (Coffin) encouraged him by rewards and punished him judiciously for infractions of discipline, and the wretched prisoner, for the first time in the history of the Ohio penitentiary, began to think that there was even hope for him on earth, as well as in that other world the chaplain unctuously preached to him about on Sundays.

But Mr. Coffin had not yet inaugurated his reforms when I became a convict. Benjamin B. Dyer and I, old, degrading discipline were still the active agents of the devil and the state for the damnation, soul and body, of the erring youth and veteran criminal alike. Hence when I attempted to move across the prison campus to the Idle House, to which I was temporarily assigned pending a dispute among the contractors as to who among them should have the pleasure and gratification of working me, I could scarcely walk in my awkward suit and heavy brogue. Malloy and Kelley soon followed me to the Idle House, but so complete was my transformation from a respectable dressed looking citizen of a few hours previously that they were unable to pick me out from my fellow convicts sitting on benches in rows and facing the guard stand, with our hairless heads uncovered and preserving an unbroken silence. I was partially amused at their wandering and searching glances, and finally when they asked the guard to point me out, as they had permission to speak to me, I determined to end, if possible, their persistent persecution. The guard descended from the stand and approaching me said:

"These gentlemen desire to speak to you by permission of the deputy."

I arose and addressing Kelley I replied: "You look as if you had the instincts of a gentleman and were decently raised, but your association with men of his character (indicating Malloy) has evidently caused you to form whatever manhood you were endowed with. I decline to either hear or speak with you further, and if you are not entirely devoid of any redeeming quality you will annoy me no further and respect my silence."

Kelley blushed to the roots of his reddish hair and attempted to say something, but I quietly resumed my seat and indicated with a nod to the guard that the interview was ended. He politely showed both men (?) to the door and I saw them no more. Presently a "runner," the prison name for a messenger, entered the Idle House with a slip and the guard beckoned to me to accompany him. When we emerged from the Idle House the runner, who was himself a prisoner, said:

"Colonel, you helped to save me from the scaffold. I am Jeff Bowling, the deputy's runner, and I am sorry they are raising so much h— with the old man, otherwise you would not be put on a contract, but Dyer is absent and Porter is rattled."

Thanking the runner for his expression of good will, I asked to whose contract I was assigned.

"Why, that sneak in the snath shop whom you made jump your fence the Sunday morning that gang attacked you."

Sure enough I was assigned to the Hinman contract, which was under the direct supervision of the young man (now dead and nameless) who joined a party of ten others of his class to clean me out at my residence one Sunday morning for an article exposing their immoralities, in which a young girl was ruined whose brother held "cases" on my paper. While engaged with the leader of this gang, which was composed of the sons of the leading citizens of Columbus, in giving and taking blows in the side yard entrance to my residence, the leader slowly retreating to the front yard and I following him up, the gang suddenly sprang from the concealment of the corner of the house and jumped for me. Stepping back, I drew with the rapidity of lightning a revolver and leveling it at them compelled every man to take the iron fence fronting my residence on a flying leap.

This young man who led the aristocratic hoodlums was now to be my task master, and I anticipated from his effeminate character the most disagreeable consequences and I was not disappointed!

It may be necessary to indent this chapter with a few explanatory paragraphs touching the light in which I was regarded by men of the class of this superintendent of the Hinman factory and even by the Hinman class of Broad street aristocrats themselves. Firstly, I was a tyrant who showed no mercy in my newspaper the "blood" of the city and ruthlessly exposed their licentious conduct. In fact, I made it so unsafe for them to seduce their victims that when such unhappy occurrences took place they married the girls rather than be exposed in the columns of the *Sunday Capital*. Magistrate Olenhausen, whose office was adjacent to the *Capital* for a number of years, derived a respectable revenue from this source! In addition or in continuation of this "firstly," I relentlessly exposed all crooked schemes or attempts to plunder the people, and as it is only the rich and the privileged class that attempt these enterprises, I was to them a pariah, an ogre, and a villain of the deepest dye.

Secondly I had, unfortunately, in a moment of mental aberration, supported the Republican candidate for President of the United States—James G. Blaine. This alienated Democrats of the Hinman stripe who realized for the first time that I wore no collar and was an unsafe proposition as a Democratic editor.

My paper having a greater circulation than my rivals combined, this defection of mine succeeded ultimately in changing a reliable Democratic county (Franklin) into a Republican stronghold, and ousting every Democratic officeholder. And while this unfortunate feat of mine secured the approval, admiration and support of the Republican rank and file, it only intensified the hostility of the Republican organ—the *Ohio State Journal*—which became insanely jealous of the growing influence of the *Capital* and resisted its substitution for itself as the favorite organ of the Republicans of the city of Columbus. But my political course was "erratic" enough as a journalist and publisher. Having declined to wear a collar for the Democratic managers, I resented the attempt of the Republi-

can bosses to place one around my neck. Thus I succeeded, politically as I had, socially in antagonizing the influential or political leaders with the "pull" on both sides, but I controlled their followings as I secured the confidence of the masses by the openness of my course and the apparent sacrifices I had made of my individual interests.

These facts, borne in mind by my readers, will partially enlighten them on the struggle of the prison contractors to secure me as the "prize freak" for their particular contract.

One of the revenues of the prison being the charge for admission to visitors of twenty-five cents each, the penitentiary receipts from this source began to increase on the day of my confinement and for years I was the principal drawing card—in fact the stellar attraction—for all the morbidly-minded male and female cranks, shallow-brained and sensational mongers in the entire state. There is hardly a kodak fiend in Ohio who has not my picture in some shape or form. To all this unspeakable horrible and infamous humiliation I submitted with a philosophy which paralyzed the malice of my enemies and pleasantly surprised my friends. If my spirit suffered no eye—but the All Seeing one—saw it and no ear ever heard moan or complaint from my lips. When, therefore, I was confronted by the superintendent of the Hinman factory and greeted with, "Well, Elliott, how are you?" I promptly resented the discourtesy intended by replying:

"Well, ———, how are you?" in exactly the intonation of voice and emphasis with which I was saluted. "You will work in this portion of the shop at present and this man will show you what to do," and the superintendent turned me over to a negro prisoner who was vanishing snaths as his understudy or assistant. Being the first white man he ever had the pleasure of "bossing," the negro made the most of the pleasing assignment and promptly gave me the most laborious and dirtiest portion of the work to perform. Never having worked at manual labor I was confessedly awkward and inefficient. The duty consisted in putting on the snath the first coat of varnish or glue with a sheepskin glove which I wore on my left hand, the right being used to dip the swab in the liquid varnish and transfer a glove full to the left hand.

In performing this labor there was no opportunity to wipe the beads of perspiration from the face, as the gloved hand was full of varnish and the right was daubed from the drippings of the swab. By the cold-blooded design of my enemies I was thus assigned the filthiest job they thought my physical strength could stand without a collapse, and to rub it in, as it were, I was put under a negro prisoner boss, to remind me I suppose of having deserted to the "negro party" and fought for their liberation from a slavery much more endurable than that which I was now called upon to endure. I glanced at the clock over the guard's desk and to my astonishment perceived that it was but 2 o'clock p. m. I had thought that it must be certainly near 6 o'clock, the hour to return to the cells. I had not yet been even given a cell.

The guard under whom I now labored was noted among the officials for his hostility to me personally and his condemnation of my acts. Every contingency, it will be perceived, was thus provided for to make it "interesting." But in this case, as in so many others, malice overreached itself, and the physical torture to which I was subjected mercifully kept my mind from the contemplation of the home, the wife, the family, the position, the fortune, and last but not least, the liberty I had lost. The guard kept his eye constantly on me and took occasion to repeat several times during the afternoon the rules against talking, idleness, etc., and the penalty a convict must pay for their violation. Of this penalty I will write further along. Six o'clock arrived at last and utterly played out physically and completely dumbed mentally (and happily incapable of further torture), I was marched in the infamous lock step between two negroes to the dining room. The place was purposely selected for me in the company between the two negroes, one of whom had the disgusting habit of masticating a mouthful of food, taking it from his mouth and laying it on the table while he masticated another mouthful. He then removed the second supply from his mouth and placing it likewise on the table bolted the first quantity he had masticated and rolled into a ball with his fingers! I noticed this in a dreamy sort of a way and on the top of the bell rose with the other fifteen hundred unhappy wretches from the table, and again joined in the lock step through the prison campus to the cell block.

The prison yard was packed with visitors to see the convicts march in the lock step and incidentally to get a view of the "Tyrant of Columbus" in his march. The kodak was numerous, and as the sun was shining gloriously, it being in the early portion of August (the 10th), several pictures were obtained of my figure as I marched past; being located for my enemies by the accommodating and now thoroughly cowed officials of the prison. Arrived at last in the seclusion of my cell I inwardly thanked Providence the terrible ordeal of this first day was over and that I carried myself through it without the collapse which was tugging at my brain and heart and whose premonitory symptoms were the only fear which inspired my brain. Presently the soft and musical voice of a tear-stained face said falteringly: "Colonel, I hope you are well; I feel so sorry for you."

I glanced up, my head being bowed on my hands, and beheld a handsome and to me angelic looking lady gazing mournfully at me through the bars, the tears streaming down her cheeks. I instantly arose and bowing thanked her for her sympathy, which I saw was genuine, and politely asked her to whom I was indebted for such kindness, inasmuch as I never had the pleasure of meeting her before.

"Alas! no," she sobbingly replied, "and I wish you had never seen me in such a place. My name is Miss Conklin. I am the daughter of the superintendent of the snath shop, who is an official here and I came to see if I could do anything for you."

This unexpected kindness and sympathy came near precipitating the collapse, and I had some difficulty in preserving my outwardly calm demeanor, as I gratefully thanked her and assured her I was feeling all right. Towards this lady I shall always while life lasts preserve the tenderness and most grateful recollections, and while I never had the pleasure of seeing her again, she having married and removed, I believe, from Columbus, her features, soft and beautiful, are indelibly impressed upon my memory, and a thousand times I have recalled and consoled my bitter hours of prison torture with the remembrance of that spontaneous and genuine exhibition of human sympathy.

(To be continued.)

We sometimes fear that the most honorable people are only half honest.

HOLDING THE BAG

Patrons of the Bucket Shop of J. Overton Paine & Co.

That little axiom about the sucker being born every hour is again verified when the story of J. Overton Paine & Co., supposed to be doing a brokerage business at No. 1331 F street n. w., is told.

August 20 last a gentleman authorized this house to purchase for him Southern Railway stock and for his \$50 was given this receipt:

7 WALL STREET,
WASHINGTON BRANCH, 1331 F ST. N. W.,
NEW YORK, August 20, 1901.
Received from ——— fifty dollars,
as margins to be credited to my account.
J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.,
Per M. D. J. Manager.

Also the following:
Branch Houses: Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington,
Office of J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.,
7 WALL STREET, NEW YORK,
August 20, 1901.

Mr. ———, Washington.
We have this day bought for your account and risk 10 Sh. Ry. 31 1/2.

Two days later he closed the deal at a profit and received this memorandum:
Sold: 10 shares Sh. 33.
J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.

August 22, 1901.

When he asked for his money he was told he must get it from the New York office. A week passed, and no money. Another week of waiting and he received the following:

BANKING HOUSE,
J. OVERTON PAINE & CO., 7 WALL ST.,
NEW YORK, September 10, 1901.

DEAR SIR: Owing to a false item that appeared in a recent publication that my house had failed on May 3, I have had a continuous run on same and have been unable to negotiate loans on securities, which I had as readily as I desired without unnecessary sacrifice. I have held abundant securities and would request that you give me fifteen days in which to make a satisfactory loan. I can secure you fully for your account at any time. No bank or house in Wall street could liquidate in a few days their entire indebtedness in cash when such false publications are made. We shall make the papers publishing them pay dearly for this villainous piece of work.

Assuring you that your account will be perfectly safe, and thanking you in advance for the slight extension of time that I feel circumstances warrant, and soliciting the continued confidence in my house, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.
Still no return from the investment. Exhibit No. 2 tells of the closing of the Washington office:

[Member New York Produce Exchange.]

BANKING HOUSE, J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.,
7 WALL ST., WASHINGTON BRANCH, 1331 F STREET N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3, 1901.

DEAR SIR: We have decided to close our Washington office in this city after to-day. Your account has been transferred to our New York office and my instructions as to your trades should be sent there direct. Should you desire to close your account we will send you a check for the balance.

Soliciting your continued patronage, however, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
J. OVERTON PAINE, per G.

About this stage of the game the investor's draft was returned. Still no money. More correspondence, and the following is received at the Washington end of the line, written on the "official" letter-head, giving Wall street address, cable, telephone, etc.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1901.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 7th received. Owing to a heavy run that has been made against my house during the past three months, and the further fact that some large sums are due me from Stock Exchange houses, there has been a delay in the collection of large amounts due me, and the further fact that I have been backing with cash large sums for several manufacturing companies, has placed me in a position where I cannot make prompt remittances, until I can either make a collection of part of the large amounts due me or arrange a loan on some securities which I have. If you will write to Mr. George Bristow, 206 Broadway, New York, I will arrange with him to deposit securities to protect you until a loan can be negotiated on securities which I have.

Very truly yours,
J. OVERTON PAINE & CO.
The remittance has as yet to put in an appearance.

Bobby on Parents.

Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of Pa and Ma. Pa's talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's Ma that make you mind.

Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done in the morning. The boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls:

"Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark."

The boy didn't say anything. Then Ma calls:

"William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is getting cold."

The boy kept right on, not saying anything. Then his Pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he:

"Bill!"

"Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me:

"Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be."

Says I to him:

"Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em."

Once a man says to me:

"Bobby, do you love your parents?"

"Well," says I, "I'm not a-quarreling with 'em."

There are some men who just naturally look as if they should be named "Archie."

A man is willing to misrepresent other people, but he does hate to be misrepresented himself.

MEN TREATED FREE

This offer is given to prove the superiority of my treatment over all others, and will be given absolutely FREE, including medicine, provided you apply before Saturday, October 26, 8 p. m.

The doctor's great offer: If you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been disappointed in getting cured, you are especially invited to place yourself under my care free of any charge whatever. I will explain to you MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, originated and developed after long experience in treating special diseases of men. I have no belts, speculums, free samples, trial treatments or electro-medical combinations or similar devices, which do not and cannot cure diseases peculiar to men.

If you are incurable I will tell you so, and advise you so that you may avoid being humbugged by unscrupulous practitioners who claim to cure all cases. If, after examining you, I find you are curable, I will insure a permanent cure, inasmuch as I will give you a written guarantee.

STRICTURE
Is a complete or partial closure of the canal. I care not who has treated you and failed. I will cure you just as sure as you will come to me for treatment. I will not do it by CUTTING or dilating, as my treatment is painless and all obstructions are permanently removed from the canal.

DISCHARGES,
such as gonorrhoea and gleet, germ diseases, stopped forever in 3 to 5 days.

HYDROCELE
or any swellings, tenderness or impediments cured and organs restored to their normal sizes at once.

DRAINS
that sap the life of man and later lead to the complete loss of all powers, stopped forever in 10 to 15 days.

RICE MEDICAL SOCIETY
Offices: 613 Thirteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
E. C. BARSTOW, M. D., Consultant.

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We are headquarters for supplies in this line: Railroad Barrows, Mortar Barrows, Imperial Iron Beams, Road Plows and Scrapers for heavy grading and excavating purposes, Water Tanks and Barrels, Dirt Wagons and Cards, and full line of Harness. It would be well for contractors in this line, before buying elsewhere, to get our prices. We also carry in stock Lawn Mowers, Lawn Rollers, Garden Hose and Tools. Plows repaired and castings furnished for all Plows.

P. MANN & CO., 207 7th St. N. W.

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STOCKS AND BONDS,

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Direct wires to New York.

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"KORELLO" Photos are among our newest and dantiest mounts.
1107 F Street Northwest. Stylish and Satisfactory.

Guarded by Flowers.

A pretty story, which shows an admirable trait common to almost all German children, is told by a recently returned traveler. In a German city she saw a fine equestrian statue in bronze, around the base of which bloomed a gay little garden.

The visitor exclaimed with delight over both the flowers and the statue and expressed some wonder that the blossoms were left entirely unprotected by either railing or notice.

"In our country I am afraid some of the children might be tempted to pick a flower now and then, as this seems aside from the busy part of the city," she said to her German friend.

"Oh, that would never be here!" said the friend in amazement. "Why, the garden

was planted because the children would mount to the back of the horse and ride, and the bronze was getting the wrong sort of polish, but when the flowers began to come up there was no more trouble.

"Our children are very fearful lest they should hurt any little growing thing, and they would see the green peeping through the earth and not take another step toward the tempting horse."

When a man quits abusing his rival it is a sign that he has rival down.

They say there is nothing new. We saw a colored woman to-day with whiskers. Did you ever see one? We never saw one before.